

The Clone Wars: The Valsedian Operation

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The events in this story occur after *The Clone Wars: Act on Instinct*



CORUSCANT.

GALACTIC CAPITAL, BASTION OF DEMOCRACY, FAR FROM THE RAGGED EDGES OF THE CLONE WARS CONFLICT.

REPUBLIC CRUISER *SELFLESS*, YOU ARE CLEARED FOR FINAL DOCKING IN SLIP AA47.



HOW LONG SINCE YOU'VE BEEN BACK AT THE CAPITAL, SANYA?

IT'S BEEN MONTHS, TYZEN. IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.

YOU WON'T MISS THE FIELDS?

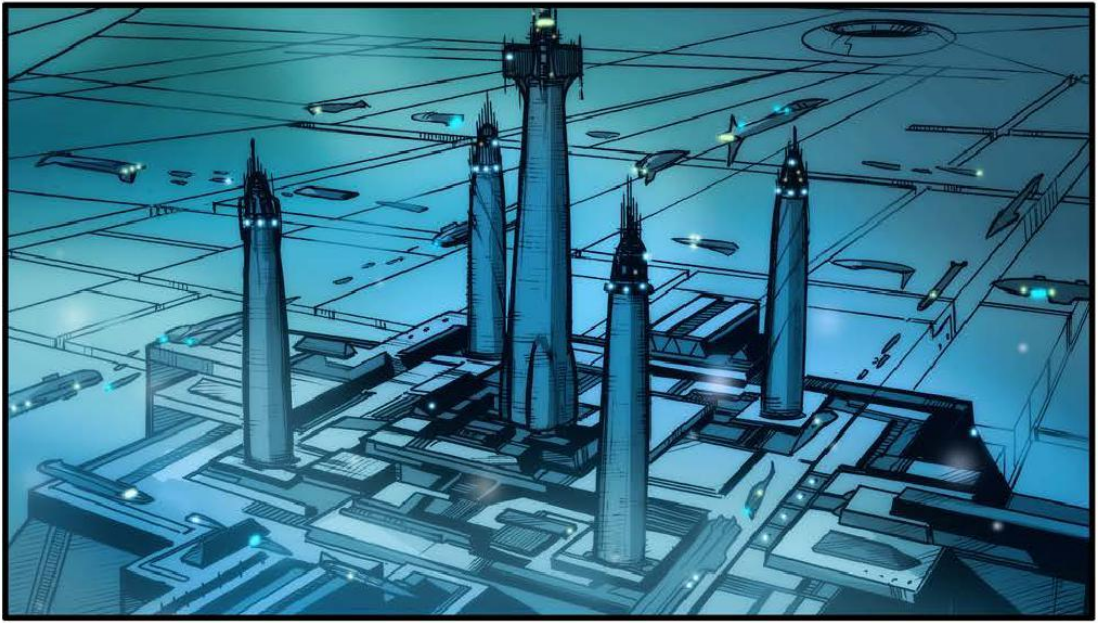
I'LL MISS THE GOOD THE AGRICORP DOES, BUT NOT THE SHOVELS AND FEED LOTS.

THIS... THIS IS MY KIND OF PLANET.











THANK
YOU, MASTER
YODA.

A DELICATE
SITUATION IS CURRENTLY
UNFURLING WITH OUR
NEW ALLIES, THE
HUTTS.



IT IS A
PREDICAMENT BROUGHT
TO OUR ATTENTION BY NO LESS
THAN JABBA THE HUTT, MIGHTY
LEADER OF THE HUTT
CLANS.

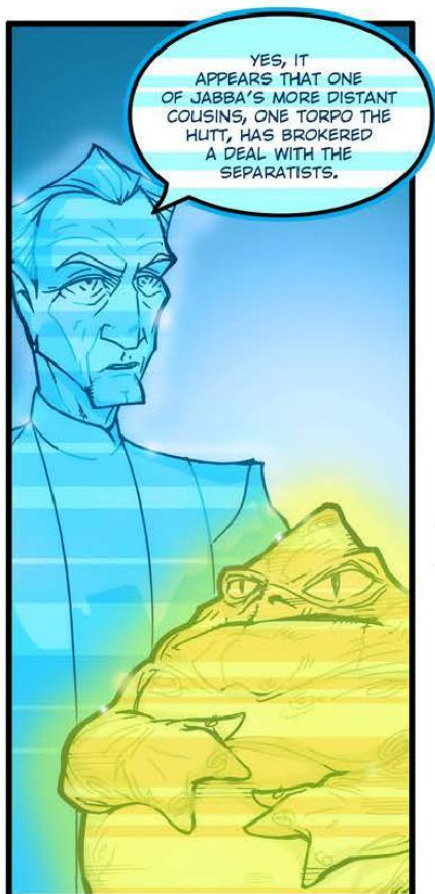


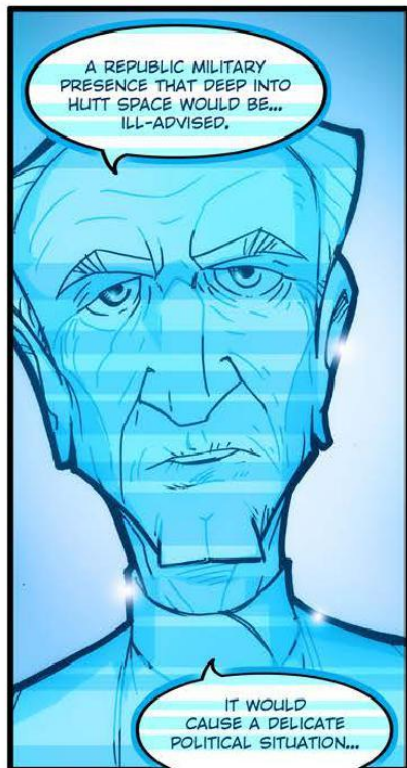
"MIGHTY,"
IT BURNS ME THAT
YOU SHOULD AFFORD
HIM ANY RESPECT,
YOUR EXCELLENCY.

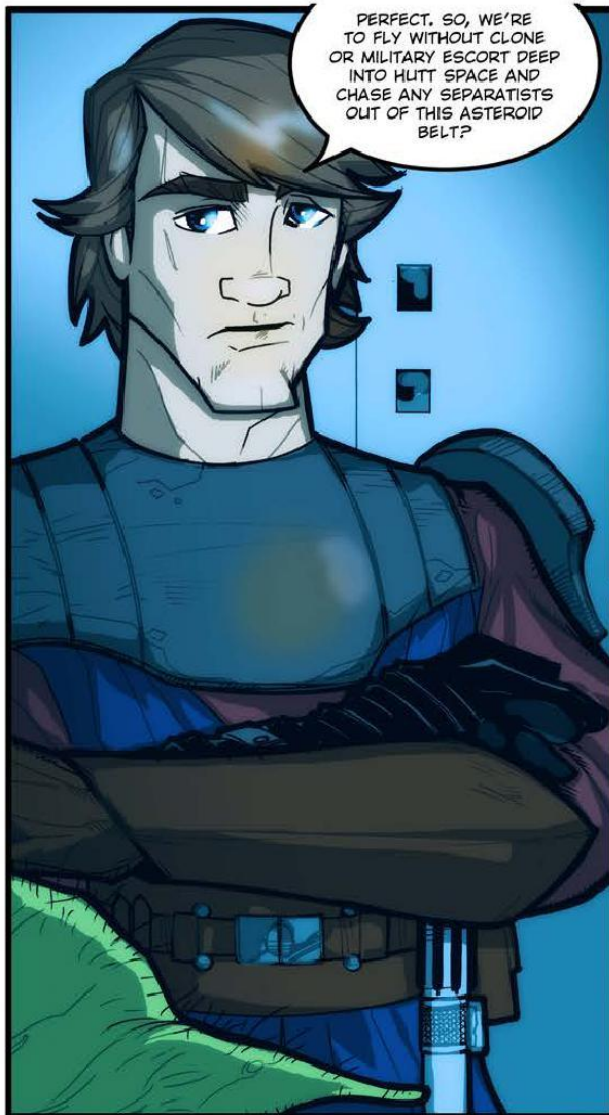


IN TIMES OF WAR,
MY LAD, ALLEGIANCES
CAN OFTEN BE STRANGE
INDEED.

A LARGE FAMILY,
JABBA THE HUTT HAS. KEEPING
TRACK OF ALL MEMBERS,
DIFFICULT IT IS.







PERFECT. SO, WE'RE TO FLY WITHOUT CLONE OR MILITARY ESCORT DEEP INTO HUTT SPACE AND CHASE ANY SEPARATISTS OUT OF THIS ASTEROID BELT?



FLYING THE FLAG, AS IT WERE.



WE'LL USE THE *TWILIGHT* THEN. IT FITS RIGHT IN WELL IN HUTT SPACE. WE CAN PASS AS JUST A GROUP OF SMUGGLERS.



WITH A JEDI STARFIGHTER TUCKED IN THE HOLD?

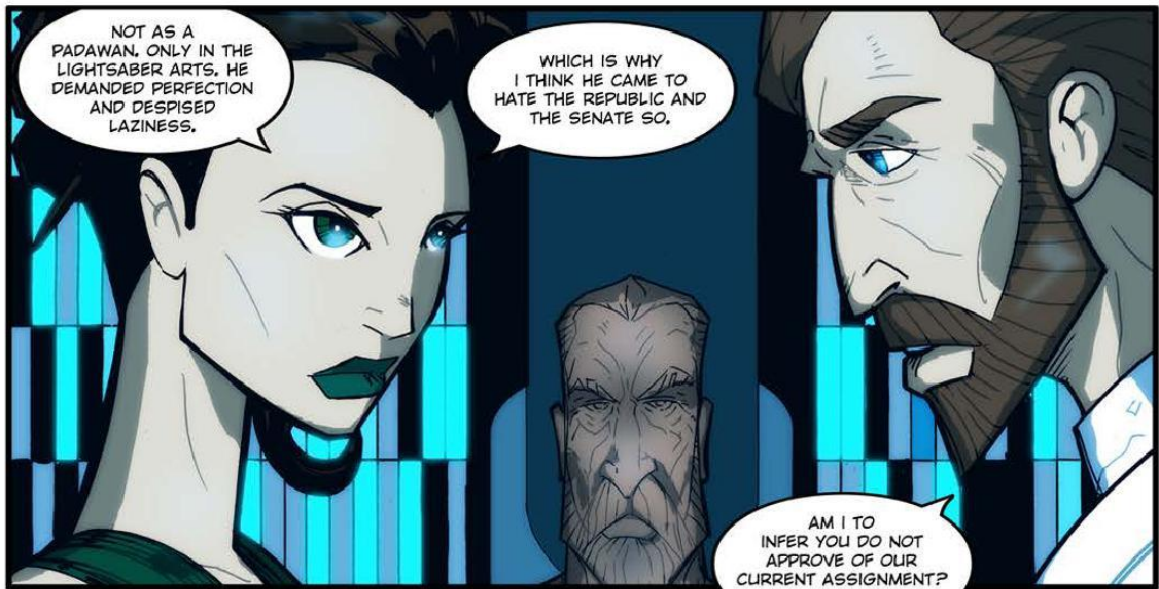
A GROUP OF VERY *LUCKY* SMUGGLERS THEN.



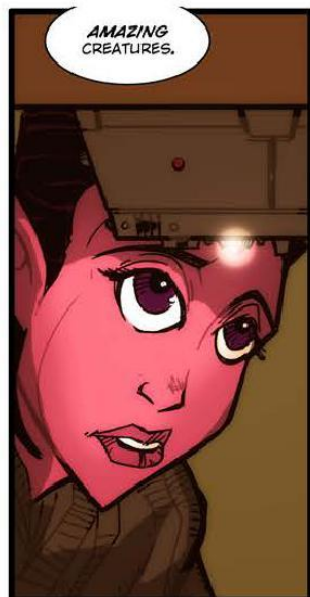




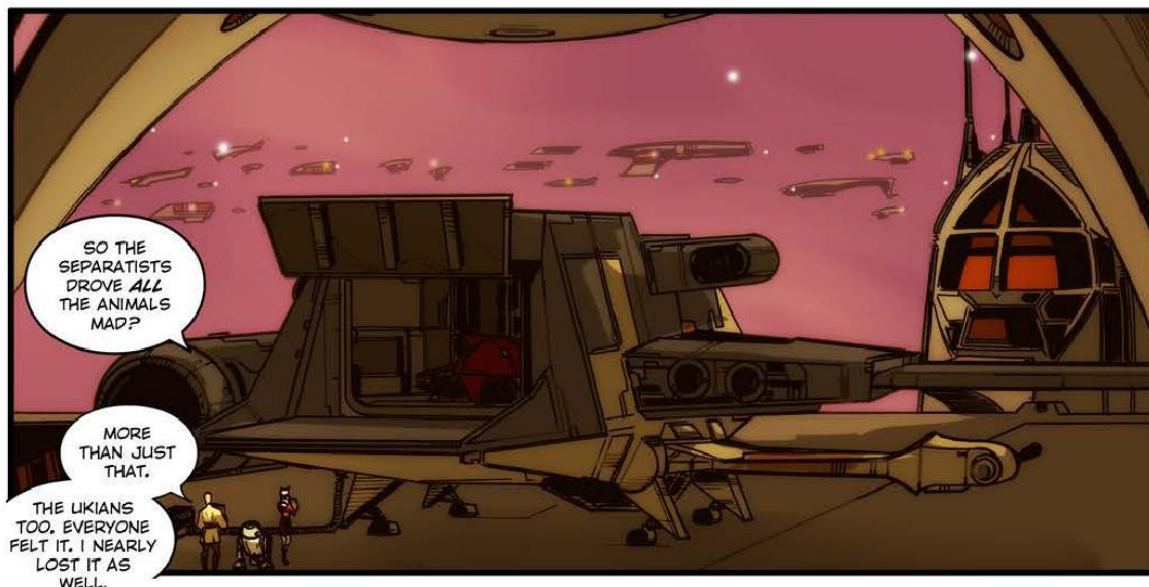












SO THE SEPARATISTS DROVE **ALL** THE ANIMALS MAD?

MORE THAN JUST THAT.

THE UKIANS TOO. EVERYONE FELT IT. I NEARLY LOST IT AS WELL.



THAT SOUNDS TERRIBLE. GOOD JOB STOPPING IT.

FOR ALL THE **GOOD** IT DID.

THE SEPARATISTS JUST BOUGHT THE PLANET'S LOYALTY IN THE END!



IT **DID** DO SOME GOOD, TYZEN. YOU SEEM BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU.



OH, THANKS. MASTER ROPAL WOULD ALWAYS SAY I NEEDED BETTER CONTROL. I'M GLAD I'M FINALLY APPRECIATING HIS LESSON.







YOU ARE FORTUNATE TO BE GETTING A SINGLE CREDIT FOR YOUR SUPERFLUOUS PRESENCE HERE, BUT MY MASTER INSISTED ON HIRING YOUR ILK.

OUR REPUTATIONS PRECEDE US.

QUITE.



MA'AM, WE GET YOU DON'T LIKE US. JUST POINT US TOWARD WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO DIE, AND WE'LL DO OUR JOB.



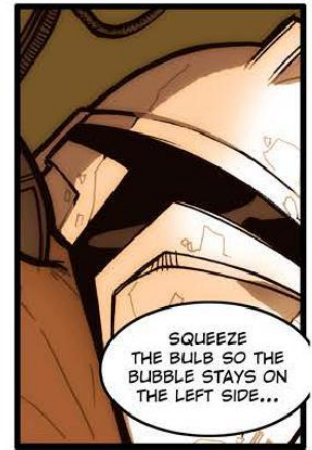
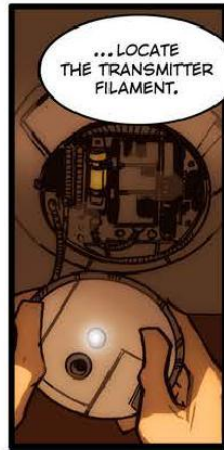
IN THAT, I NEED NO HELP.

YOUR JOB IS PROTECTION.

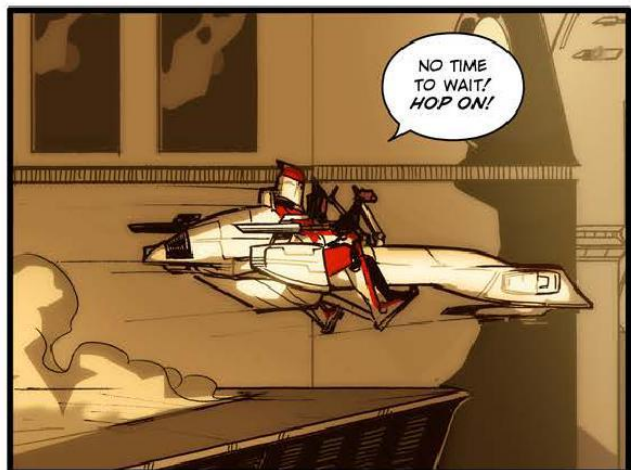












THE VALSEDIAN BELT.

ARTOO'S
ALL SET, OBI-WAN.
THOUGH I CAN'T
SAY EITHER OF US IS
THRILLED AT BEING
BACK UP...

...YOU COULD
USE ME IN THERE.
BAD NEWS FOLLOWS
THE HUTTS LIKE A
SLIME TRAIL.

WE DON'T
DISAGREE, BUT YOU
ARE THE MOST
CAPABLE PILOT.

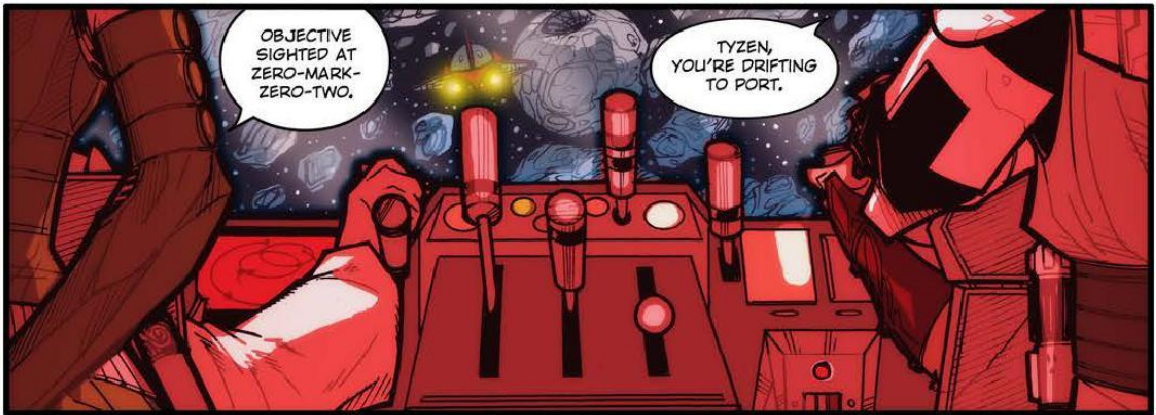
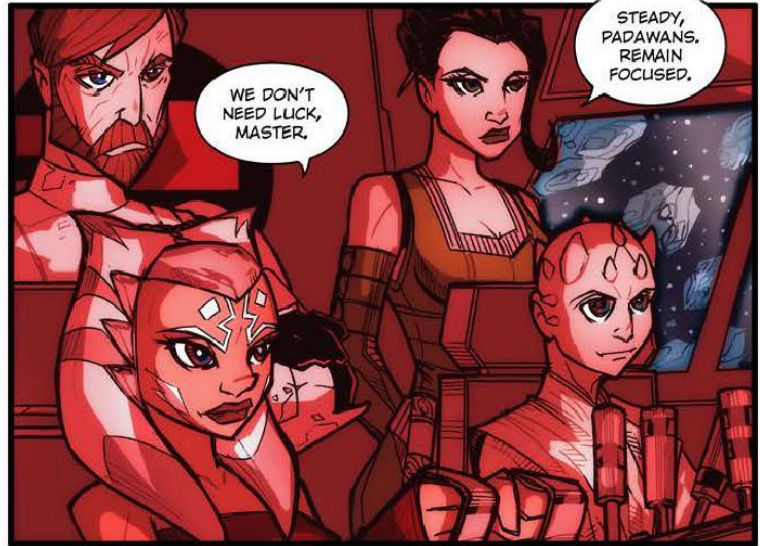
BE-DO-
REET!

BESIDES,
THIS WILL MAKE IT
EASIER FOR YOU TO SWOOP
IN AT THE LAST MOMENT
AND SAVE THE DAY.

I'LL MAKE
SURE TO WAIT
UNTIL YOU'VE EXHAUSTED
YOURSELF TRYING TO
TALK YOUR WAY OUT
OF YOUR MESS.

JUST BE
SURE TO LEAVE
ENOUGH ASTEROID
LEFT FOR US TO
STAND ON.

MASTER
LUMINARA IS RIGHT
ABOUT YOU TWO. YOU
SPEND A *LOT* OF TIME
CREATING NEW COMBAT
FORMS WITH YOUR
MOUTHS.





DRIPTING QUIETLY AMID THE LAZILY FLOATING ROCKS, THE *TWILIGHT* GLIDES UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE PADAWANS INTO A CAVE SET INTO THE LARGEST OF THE VALSEDIAN ASTEROIDS.



SENSOR SCANS SHOW STABLE PRESSURE OUTSIDE, AND TRACE ATMOSPHERE...



...IT'S COLD, BUT SURVIVABLE.

THOSE WON'T GET IN THE WAY TOO MUCH.

BREATH MASKS IT IS, THEN.

REMEMBER, WE'RE HERE TO LOOK FOR SEPARATIST ACTIVITY FIRST.



AND WHEN WE FIND IT?

WE'LL CUT IT DOWN TO SIZE!

WE SHALL DEAL WITH IT WHEN IT HAPPENS, PADAWANS.



THESE
NARROW TUNNELS
ARE MAKING OUR
SENSORS
UNRELIABLE.



AHSOKA,
TYZEN, YOU TWO WILL
TAKE A SCAN OF THE SMALLER
TUNNELS, YOU'RE MORE LIKELY
TO FIT INSIDE. MASTER
KEELYVINE AND I WILL
STAY WITH THIS
PATH.



WE'RE ON
OUR OWN?
JUST LIKE
THAT?

RELAX.
WITH ME HERE,
YOU'VE GOT **NOTHING**
TO WORRY ABOUT.



I WOULD PREFER
TO BE CONSULTED BEFORE
YOU GIVE ASSIGNMENTS
TO MY PADAWAN.

YOU DISAGREE
WITH MY DECISION?

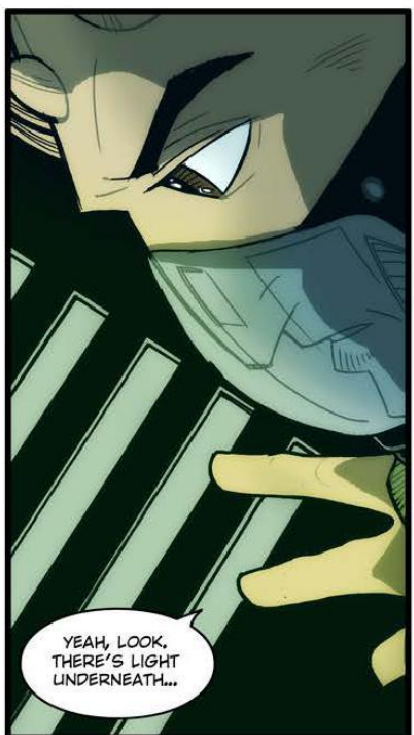
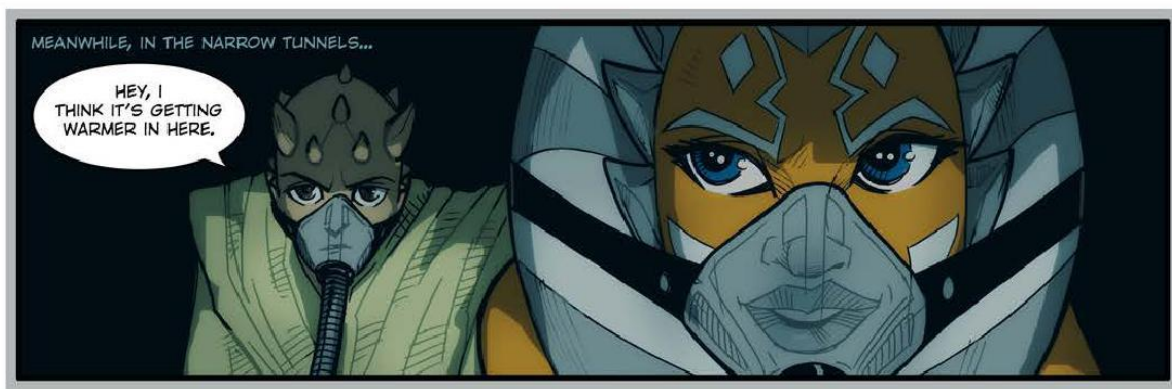


NO, IT'S
THAT TYZEN
SOMETIMES
REQUIRES...
SPECIAL
CONSIDERATION.

INDEPENDENCE
IS A GREAT
TEACHER.

AND THAT
WORKED FOR YOU
WITH SKYWALKER,
DID IT?







OW, MY HORNS.

THEY SHOULD HAVE SENT YOUNGLINGS! WE'RE TOO BIG FOR THESE TUNNELS.

OR MAYBE MASTER YODA. HE'D FIT.



HALT! INTRUDERS!

THEY'RE JEDI! BLAST THEM!



THIS COUNTS AS EVIDENCE OF SEPARATIST ACTIVITY, RIGHT?

BE SURE TO LEAVE ENOUGH PIECES AS PROOF.



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE PADAWANS! I SENSE THEY'RE IN DANGER.

I'LL GO TO THEM.



I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET OUR DIM-WITTED FRIEND TO TELL US MORE.

MY... MASTER...?





IN THE BELT...

WE-DO-
BEET?

I KNOW,
LITTLE BUDDY. I
DON'T LIKE SITTING
OUT HERE
EITHER.

WE-DIP-A
DEE-BOOP?



THREEPIO?
NO, IT'S NOT SO
QUIET THAT I'D
WANT HIM
HERE.

WEE-ROO...



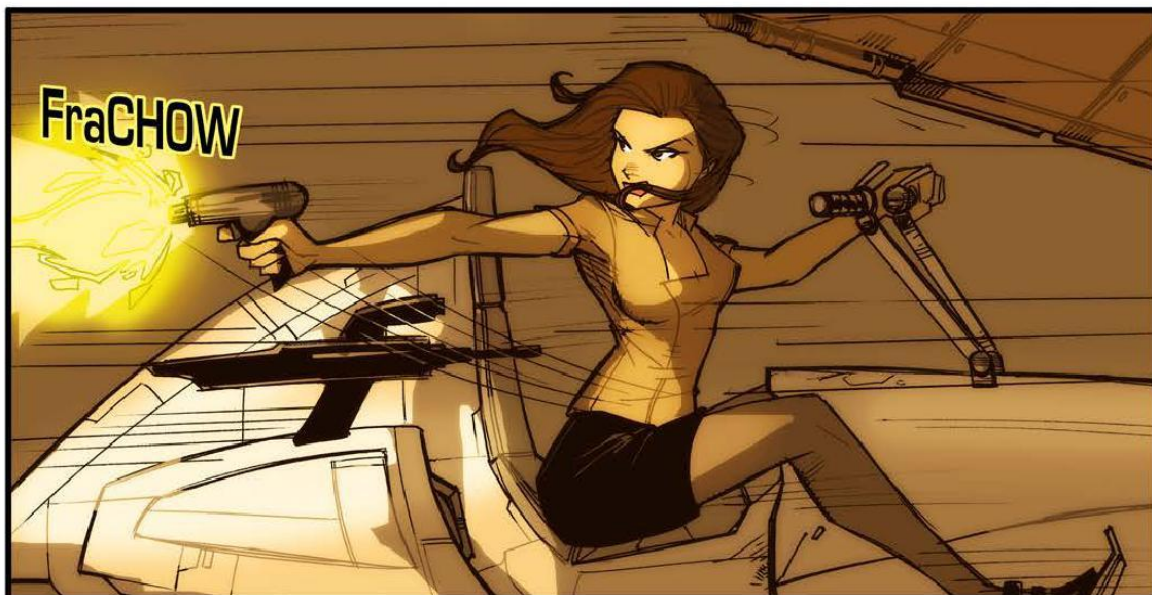
LET'S TAKE
ANOTHER ORBIT.
JUST IN
CASE...

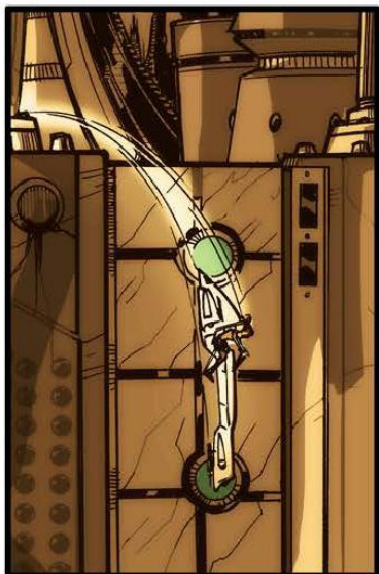
WHEET WHEET
BE-DO-WHEET!



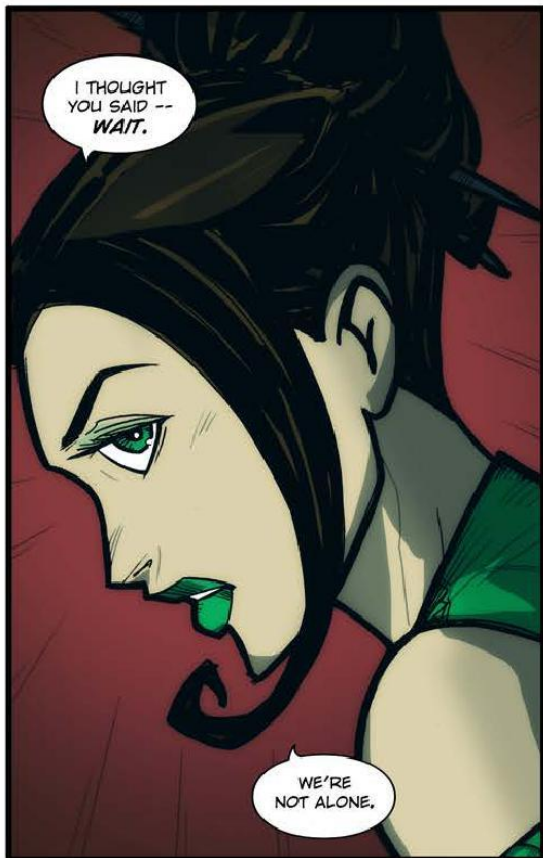
VULTURE
DROIDS!

YOU WANTED
COMPANY, ARTOO?
WE'VE GOT IT!


























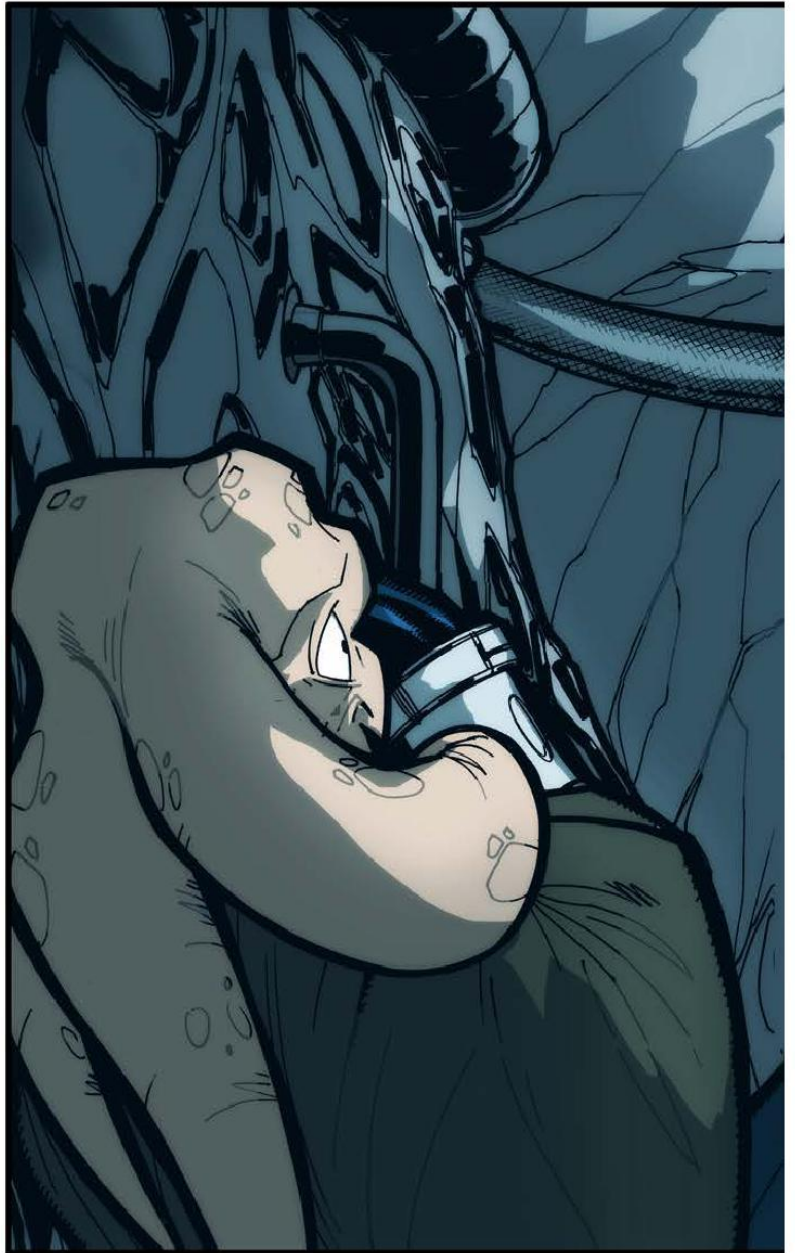


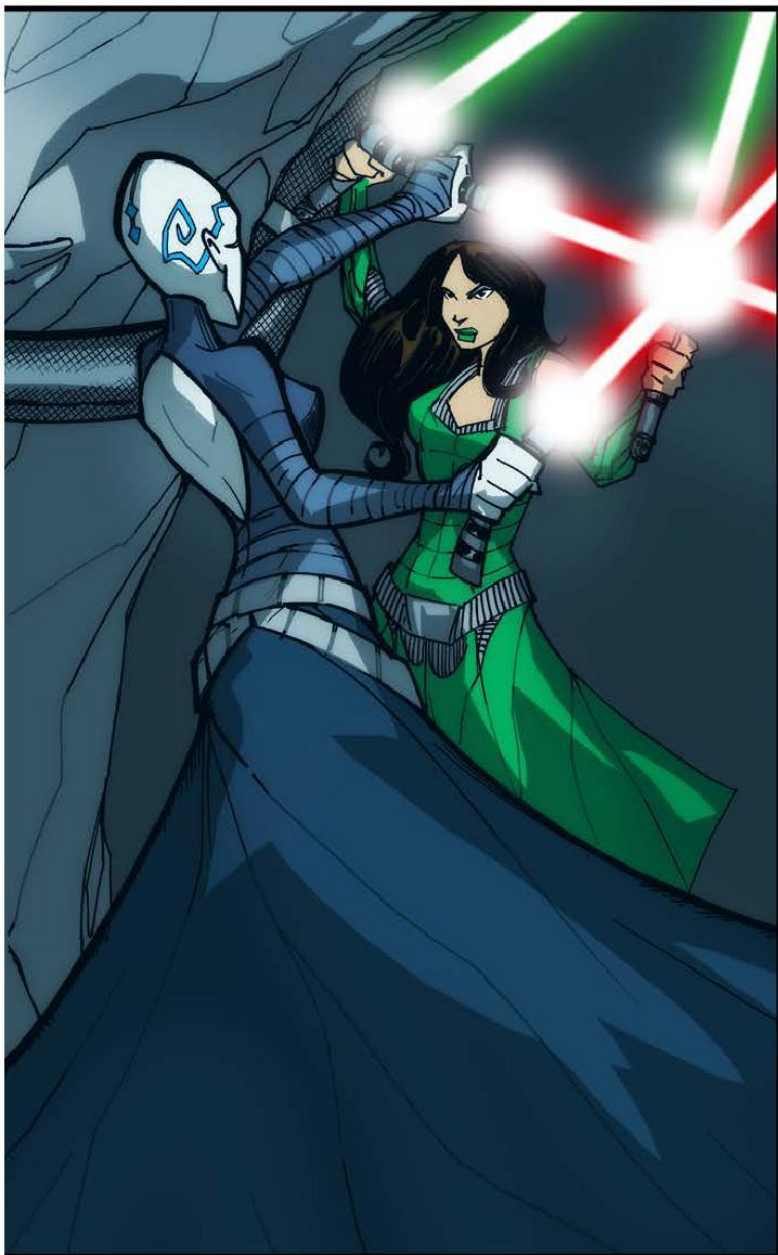




MY MASTER
WANTS THIS SYSTEM,
AND THERE IS NO ONE
WHO CAN REFUSE
HIM.

DOOKU HAS
STILL TO LEARN THAT
THE UNIVERSE DOES
NOT KNEEL AT
HIS WHIM.





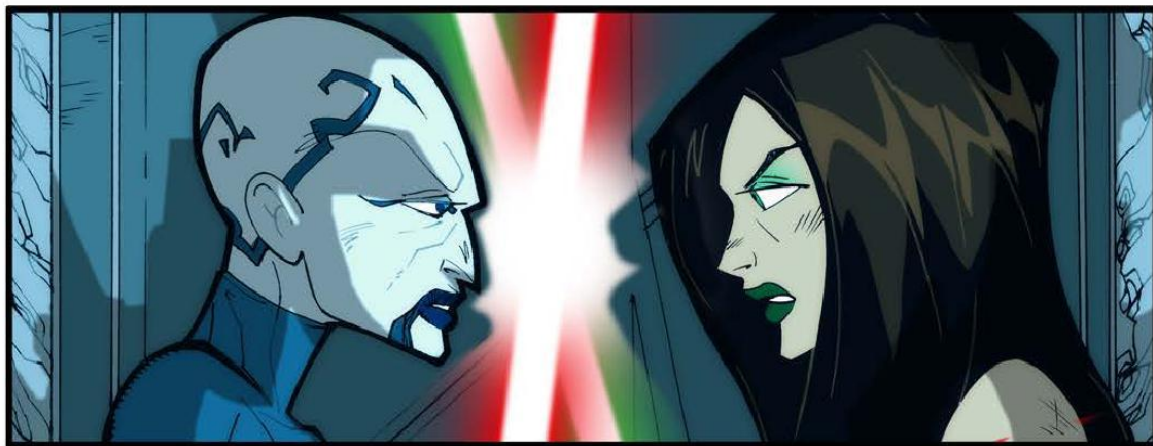






















SAFETY
OFF, SANSA.

BE SURE
TO *ID* YOUR
TARGET.



THERE'S HER
BIKE, STILL WARM.
GUESS SHE RAN OUT
OF FLYING ROOM.
SHE CAN'T BE
FAR.





